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The Bloomfield Citizen.

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BE CHEERFUL.

The world's like a mirror which, when you stand before it, with early mien and aspect drear, reflects a soul at war; but when life's grand possibilities, cast face it with a cheerful smile and sunny air, then life will be represented as one long summer's day.

—L. Mortishes.

TOO MUCH ALIKE.

"Yes," assented Mr. Bird, with evident appreciation, as he ran his fingers caressingly through his iron gray hair; "yes, sir, as you observe, they are very pretty girls, and their likeness to each other, in every way, is truly wonderful."

The remark was made in answer to a tribute of respect which the writer had paid to a pair of young ladies—I use the word "pair" advisedly, because they were twins—who had passed out of the office of Mr. Bird, one of the oldest and most highly respected members of the Middlesex bar.

"I knew the mother of those girls and her sister, and their parents, more than thirty years ago. The grandparents of those girls were clients of the man with whom I read law, and afterward their children became my clients, and now I am the legal adviser of both the grand children. I don't think, however, that those children are as much alike as were their mother and her sister. You could not tell them apart at all, unless you had them together."

At this point one of the young ladies returned, with a little rush and flurry, saying in a very pretty tone:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bird, but I went off without my gloves."

"Won't apologize, don't apologize, I say, Miss—Miss—ah, Miss Annie. I am only so glad to see you in my office or home at any time."

"Alice, you mean, Mr. Bird; but I thank you for the compliment all the same," and away she fluttered.

"Confound it!" growled the old gentleman as he resumed his seat, after closing the door in the fair visitor.

"I have forgotten that one was Annie."

She looked up with a smile, after thinking a few minutes, and resumed:

"If you can spare five minutes, and care to hear it, I will tell you how I came near going crazy getting acquainted with the mother of those young ladies and her sister."

Of course, nothing would please me better, and I said so at once. Mr. Bird produced an ancient and most respectable brand of cigars, and when we had lighted up he proceeded:

"The maiden name of those young ladies' mother and her twin sister was Van Scriver, and their father, old John Van Scriver, was a large farmer and miller, quite wealthy, residing near Princeton. I had been admitted to the bar only about a year when he died, and my preceptor, in whose office I was still located, had the settlement of the estate."

"On one occasion he wrote to the girls, who were the only heirs, that he needed certain materials for certain papers in the household, and that on a

day or two later he would be there to get them, asking the girls to look the papers up in the meantime. When the day came the old man was particularly engaged and asked me to take his horses and carriage and do the errand; and I was only too glad to oblige him."

In due season I reached the homestead, was received by a staid, elderly housekeeper, and ushered into the parlor, where I was greeted by one of the brightest and most beautiful young ladies I had ever met with. I told her who I was and how I came to be there.

"That is all satisfactory, Mr. Bird. We are glad to see any friend of Mr. Adam's. Be seated, and I will have the papers ready for you in a few minutes. Excuse me, please," and she disappeared.

I sat plausibly thinking of the going lady who had just left me, when the housekeeper came in with a tea and wine after the then good old-fashioned custom, and soon left again, leaving them. I had been alone again, but a very short time, it appeared to me, when the young lady returned with papers in her hand; but instead of coming forward, she stopped and stared at me in the most embarrassing way.

"Did you find the papers?" I asked, in my best society tones.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, with a Jack Frost in her beautiful voice. "Did I what?"

"Find the papers you went after."

"What are you talking about? Who are you sir, and pray, what are you doing here?"

"The only thing I'm doing at present, madam," I responded, in tones quite as stately as her own, "is leaving here as soon as possible."

"Oh, thank you," she replied, with lofty urbanity, as the modest young man in New Jersey slammed the door behind him.

Long afterward I learned that I had left the room only when the housekeeper reentered the room, and Miss Laura Van Scriver, with her dignity still at full height, demanded:

"Who was that horrid, impudent young man I found in the parlor just now?"

"Why he's the young man Mr. Adair,"

sent down for some papers that has gone to get. Where is he?"

"Miss Laura responded by dropping into a chair and exclaiming, with almost a scream:

"Oh, my! haven't I done it? Why, Mrs. Elkins, I actually drove the poor fellow out of the house. What in the world will I do? Don't, for gracious sake, tell Maggie. I'll make it up with Mr. Adair somehow, indeed I will."

"The result was that Miss Maggie Van Scriver never heard of me again, and was sent for a time fitful with wonder as to what manner of being I could possibly be having, driven fifteen miles to do an errand and then gone off without courtesy or performance.

"I raised my wrath and kept it nice and warm until I reached home, and then puffed it all out to Mr. Adair, whose laughter was as long and unceasing as that I took on a fresh installment of virtuous indignation, and was about giving the old gentleman a piece of my mind when he had me shut up, while he wiped away the tears of hilarity and comforted me by saying: 'Bird, my dear fellow, it is all my fault. I utterly forgot to tell you that the girls are twins, and so terribly alike that you can't tell one of them from both.'

"The next day brought a wondering letter from Miss Maggie, asking what had caused my sudden and unaccountable departure, and desiring to know if I was a Son of Temperance whom she had inadvertently horrified and insulted by sending her cake and wine, and would Mr. Adair please tell her what it all meant, anyhow?

"Now, here's your chance, Bird," said the old man, handing me the letter. "Just take my team and have another drive down there. You can fix up the mistake, whatever it is, in a jiffy, and get what I want this time, sure."

"Away I went, and in due time was given the pleasure of meeting the Van Scriver parlor. I took a critical look at the young lady as she came forward and offered me her hand, which I lost no time in taking. I was sure of Maggie Van Scriver now.

"I've got you to see you, Mr. Bird. Pray what may I have to say to her?"

"I know Monday?"

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